CHURCH RECORD.

A Weekly Paper, devoted chiefly to the cause of Christianity and Education.

VOL. I. FLUSHING, N. Y., NOVEMBER 20, 1841. NO. 52.

THE CHURCH RECORD.

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PROPRIETOR AND EDITOR.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, BY CHARLES R. LINCOLN, FLUSHING, N. Y.

TERMS—Three Dollars per annum, in advance.

Topics of the Times.

From the Dial for October.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

We sometimes meet in a stage coach in New-England an erect mascular man, with fresh complexion and a smooth hat, whose nervous speech instantly betrays the English traveller;—a man nowise cautious to conceal his name or that of his native country, or his very slight esteem for the persons and the country that surround him. When Mr. Bull rides in an American coach, he speaks quick and strong, he is very ready to confess his ignorance of every thing about him, persons, manners, customs, politics, geography. He wonders that the Americans should build with wood, whilst all this stone is lying in the roadside, and is astonished to learn that a wooden house may last a hundred years; nor will he remember the fact as many minutes after it has been told him; he wonders they do not make elder-wine and cherry-bounce, since here are cherries, and every mile is crammed with elder bushes. He has never seen a good horse in America, nor a good coach, nor a good inn. Here is very good earth and water, and plenty of them,—that he is free to allow,—to all other gifts of nature or man, his eyes are sealed by the inexorable demand for the precise conveniences to which he is accustomed in England. Add to this proud blindness the better quality of great downrightness in speaking the truth, and the love of fair play, on all occasions, and moreover, the peculiarity which is alleged of the Englishman, that his virtues do not come out until he quarrels. Transfer these traits to a very elegant and accomplished mind, and we shall have no bad picture of Walter Savage Landor, who may stand as a favorable impersonation of the genius of his countrymen at the present day. A sharp, dogmatic man with a great deal of knowledge, a great deal of worth, and a great deal of pride, with a profound contempt for all that he does not understand, a master of all elegant learning and capable of the utmost delicacy of sentiment, and yet prone to indulge a sort of ostentation of coarse imagery and language. His partialities and dislikes are by no means calculable, but are often whimsical and amusing; yet they are quite sincere, and, like those of Johnson and Coleridge, are easily separable from the man. What he says of Wordsworth, is true of himself, that he delights to throw a clod of dirt on the table, and cry, "Gentlemen, there is a better man than all of you." Bolivar, Mina, and General Jackson will never be greater soldiers than Napoleon and Alexander, let Mr. Landor think as he will; nor will he persuade us to burn Plato and Xenophon, out of our admiration of Bishop Patrick, or "Lucas on Happiness," or "Lucas on Holiness," or even Barrow's Sermons. Yet a man may love a paradox, without losing either his wit or his honesty. A less pardonable eccentricity is the cold and gratuitous obtrusion of licentious images, not so much the suggestion of merriment as of bitterness. Montaigne assigns as a reason for his license of speech, that he is tired of seeing his Essays on the work-tables of ladies, and he is determined they shall for the future put them out of sight. In Mr. Landor's coarseness there is a certain air of defiance; and the rude word seems sometimes to arise from a disgust at niceness and over-refinement. Before a well-dressed company he plunges his fingers in a cess-pool, as if to expose the whiteness of his hands and the jewels of his ring. Afterward, he washes them in water, he washes them in wine; but you are never secure from his freaks. A sort of Earl Peterborough in literature, his eccentricity is too decided not to have diminished his greatness. He has capital enough to have furnished the brain of fifty stock authors, yet has written no good book.

But we have spoken all our discontent. Possibly his writings are open to harsher censure; but we love the man from sympathy, as well as for reasons to be assigned; and have no wish, if we were able, to put an argument in the mouth of his critics. Now for twenty years we have still found the "Imaginary Conversations" a sure resource in solitude, and it seems to us as original in its form as in its matter. Nay, when we remember his rich and ample page, wherein we are always sure to find free and sustained thought, a keen and precise understanding, an affluent and ready memory familiar with all chosen books, an industrious observation in every department of life, an experience to which nothing has occurred in vain, honor for every just and generous sentiment, and a source like that of the Furies for every oppressor, whether public or private, we feel how dignified is this perpetual Censor in his curule chair, and we wish to thank a benefactor of the reading world.

Mr. Landor is one of the foremest of that small class who make good in the nineteenth century the claims of pure literature. In these busy days of avarice and ambition, when there is so little disposition to profound thought, or to any but the most superficial intellectual entertainments, a faithful scholar receiving from past ages the treasures of wit, and enlarging them by his own love, is a friend and consoler of mankind. When we pronounce the names of Homer and Æschylus—Horace, Ovid and Plutarch—Erasmus, Scaliger and Montaigne—Ben Johnson and Isaak Walton—Dryden and Pope—we pass at once out of trivial associations, and enter into a region of the purest pleasure accessible to human nature. We have quitted all beneath the moon, and entered that crystal sphere in which every thing in the world of matter re-appears, but transfigured and immortal. Literature is the effort of man to indemnify himself for the wrongs of his condition. The existence of the poorest playwright and the humblest scrivener is a good omen. A charm attaches to the most inferior names which have in any manner got themselves enrolled in the registers of the House of Fame, even as porters and grooms in the courts, to Creech and Fenton, Theobald and Dennis, Aubrey and Spence. From the moment of entering a library and opening a desired book, we cease to be citizens, creditors, debtors, house-keepers, and men of care and fear. What boundless leisure! what original jurisdiction! The old constellations have set—new and brighter have risen; and an elysian light tinges all objects.

> "In the afternoon we came unto a land
> In which it seemed always afternoon."

And this sweet asylum of an intellectual life must appear to have the sanction of nature, as long as so many men are born with so decided an aptitude for reading and writing. Let us thankfully allow every faculty and art which opens new scope to a life so confined as ours. There are vast spaces in a thought; a slave, to whom the religious sentiment is opened, has a freedom which makes his master's freedom a slavery. Let us not be so illiberal with our schemes for the renovation of society and nature, as to disesteem or deny the literary spirit. Certainly there are heights in nature which command this; there are many more which this commands. It is vain to call it a luxury, and as saints and reformers are apt to do, decry it as a species of day-dreaming. What else are sanctities, and reforms, and all other things? Whatever can make for itself an element, means, organs, servants, and the most profound and permanent existence in the hearts and heads of millions of men, must have a reason for its being. Its excellency is reason and vindication enough. If rhyme rejoices us, there should be rhyme, as much as if fire cheers us, we should bring wood and coals. Each kind of excellence takes place for its hour, and excludes everything else. Do not brag of your actions, as if they were better than Homer's verses or Raphael's pictures. Raphael and Homer feel that action is pitiful beside their enchantments. They could act, too, if the stake was worthy of them; but now all that is good in

the universe urges them to their task. Whoever writes for the love of truth and beauty, and not with ulterior ends, belongs to this sacred class, and among these, few men of the present age have a better claim to be numbered than Mr. Landor. Wherever genius or taste has existed, wherever freedom and justice are threatened, which he values as the element in which genius may work, his interest is sure to be commanded. His love of beauty is passionate, and betrays itself in all petulant and contemptuous expressions.

But beyond his delight in genius, and his love of individual and civil liberty, Mr. Landor has a perception that is much more rare—the appreciation of character. This is the more remarkable considered with his intense nationality, to which we have already a luded. He is buttoned in English broadcloth to the chin. He hates the Austrians, the Italians, the French, the Scotch and the Irish. He has the common prejudices of an English landholder; values his pedigree, his acres, and the syllables of his name; loves all his advantages, is not insensible to the beauty of his watch-seal, or the Turk's head on his umbrella; yet with all his miscellaneous pride, there is a noble nature within him, which instructs him that he is so rich that he can well spare all his trappings, and leaving to others the painting of circumstances, aspire to the office of delineating character. He draws his own portrait in the costume of a village schoolmaster, and a sailor, and serenely enjoys the victory of nature over fortune. Not only the elaborated story of Norbanby, but the whimsical selection of his heads prove this taste. He draws with evident pleasure the portrait of a man who never said any thing right, and never did any thing wrong. But in the character of Pericles, he has found full play for beauty and greatness of behaviour, where the circumstances are in harmony with the man. These portraits, though mere sketches, must be valued as attempts in the very highest kind of narrative, which not only has very few examples to exhibit of any success, but very few competitors in the attempt. The word character is in all mouths; it is a force which we all feel; yet who has analyzed it? What is the nature of that subtle and majestic principle which attaches us to a few persons, not so much by personal as by the most spiritual ties? What is the quality of the persons who, without being public men, or literary men, or rich men, or active men, or (in the pupular sense) religious men, have a certain salutary omnipresence in all our life's history, almost giving their own quality to the atmosphere and the landscape? A moral force, yet wholly unmindful of creed and catechism—intellectual, but scornful of books, it works directly and without means, and though it may be resisted at any time, yet resistance to it is suicide. For the person who stands in this lofty relation to his fellow men is always the impersonation to them of their conscience. It is a sufficient proof of the extreme delicacy of this element, evanescing before any but the most sympathetic vision, that it has so seldom been employed in the drama and in novels. Mr. Landor, almost alone among living English writers, has indicated his perception of it.

These merits make Mr. Landor's position in the republic of letters one of great mark and dignity. He exercises with a grandeur of spirit the office of writer, and carries with it an air of old and unquestionable nobility. We not do recollect an example of more complete independence in literary history. He has no clanship, no friendships, that warp him.

He was one of the first to pronounce Wordsworth the great poet of the age, yet he discriminates his faults with the greatest freedom. He loves Pindar, Æschylus, Euripides, Aristophanes, Demosthenes, Virgil, yet with open eyes. His position is by no means the highest in literature; he is not a poet or a philosopher. He is a man full of thoughts, but not, like Coleridge, a man of ideas. Only from a mind conversant with the first philosophy can definitions be expected. Coleridge has contributed many valuable ones to mo ern literature. Mr. Landor's definitions are only enumerations of particulars; the generic law is not seized. But as it is not from the highest Alps or Andes, but from less elevated summits, that the most attractive landscape is commanded, so is Mr. Landor the most useful and agreeable of critics. He has commented on a wide variety of writers, with a closeness and an extent of view, which has enhanced the value of those authors to his readers. His Dialogue on the Epicurean philosophy is a theory on the genius of Epicurus. The Dialogue between Barrow and Newton is the best of all criticisms on the Essays of Bacon.

His picture of Demosthenes in three several dialogues is new and adequate. He has illustrated the genius of Homer, Æschylus, Pindar, Euripides, Thucydides. Then he has examined before he expatiated, and the minuteness of his verbal criticism gives a confidence in his fidelity, when he speaks the language of meditation or of passion. His acquaintance with the English tongue is unsurpassed. He "hates false words, and seeks with care, difficulty and moroseness, those that fit the thing." He knows the value of his own words. "They are not," he says, "written on slate." He never stoops to explanation, nor uses seven words where one will do. He is a master of condensation and suppression, and that in no vulgar way. He knows the wide difference between compression and an obscure elliptical style. The dense writer has yet ample room and choice of phrase, and even a gamesome mood often between his valid words. There is no inadequacy or disagreeable contraction in his sentence, any more than in a human face, where in a square space of a few inches is found room for every possible variety of expression.

Yet it is not an artist that Mr. Landor commends to us. He is not epic or dramatic; he has not the high, overpowering method by which the master gives unity and integrity to a work of many parts. He is too wilful, and never abandons himself to his genius. His books are a strange mixture of politics, etymology, allegory, sentiment, and personal history; and what skill of transition he may possess is superficial, not spiritual. His merit must rest at last, not on the spirit of the dialogue, or the symmetry of any of his historical portraits, but on the value of his sentences. Many of these will secure them an immortality in English literature, and this, rightly considered, is no mean merit. These are not plants and animals, but the geneticilations of which both are composed. All our great debt to the oriental world is of this kind, not utensils and statues of the precious metal, but bullion and gold dust. Of many of Mr. Landor's sentences we are fain to remember what was said of Socrates; that they are cubes, which will stand firm, place them how or where you will.

We will enrich our pages with a few paragraphs which we hastily select from such of Mr. Landor's volumes as lie on our table.

"The great man is he who hath nothing to fear and nothing to hope from another. It is he who, while he demonstrates the iniquity of the laws, and is able to correct them, obeys them peaceably. It is he who looks on the ambitious, both as weak and fraudulent. It is he who hath no disposition or occasion for any kind of deceit, no reason for being or for appearing different from what he is. It is he who can call together the most select company when it pleases him. * * Him I would call the powerful man who controls the storms of his mind, and turns to good account the worst accidents of his fortune. The great I man, was going to show thee, is somewhat more. He must be able to do this, and he must have that intellect which puts into motion the intellect of others."

"All titulars else must be produced by others; a knight by a knight, a peer by a King, while a gentleman is self-existent."

"Critics talk most about the *visible* in sublimity—the Jupiter, the Neptune. Magnitude and power are sublime, but in the second degree, managed as they may be. Where the heart is not shaken, the gods thunder and stride in vain. True sublimity is the perfection of the pathetic, which has other sources than Pity; generosity, for instance, and self-devotion. When the generous and self-devoted man suffers, there comes Pity; the basis of the sublime is then above the water, and the Poet, with or without the gods, can elevate it above the skies. Terror is but the relic of a childish feeling; Pity is not given to children. So said he; I know not whether rightly, for the wisest differ on poetry, the knowledge of which, like other most important truths, seems to be reserved for a purer state of sensation or existence."

"O Cyrus, I have observed that the authors of good make men very bad as often as they talk much about them."

"The habit of haranguing is in itself pernicious; I have known even the conscientious and pious, the humane and liberal, dried up by it into egotism and vanity, and have watched the mind, growing black and rancid in its own smoke.

GLORY.

"Glory is a light which shines from us on others, not from others on us."

"If thou lovest Glory, thou must trust her truth. She followeth him who doth not turn and gaze after her."

RICHARD I.

"Let me now tell my story—to confession another time. I sailed along the realms of my family; on the right was England, on the left was France; little else could I discover than sterile eminences and extensive shoals. They fled behind me; so pass away generations; so shift, and sink, and die away affections. In the wide ocean I was little of a monarch; old men guided me, boys instructed me; these taught me the names of my towns and harbors, those showed me the extent of my dominions; one cloud, that dissolved in one hour, half covered them."

"I debark in Sicily. I place my hand upon the throne of Tancred, and fix it. I sail again, and within a day or two I behold, as the sun is setting, the solitary majesty of Crete, mother of a religion, it is said, that lived two thousand years. Onward, and many specks bubble up along the blue Ægean; islands, every one of which, if the songs and stories of the pilots are true, is the monument of a greater man than I am. I leave them afar off—and for whom? O, abbot, to join creatures of less import than the sea mews on their cliffs; men praying to be heard, and fearing to be understood, ambitious of another's power in the midst of penitence, avaricious of another's wealth under the vows of poverty, and jealous of another's glory in the service

of their God. Is this Christianity?—and is Saladin to be damned if he despises it?"

DEMOSTHENES.

"While I remember what I have been, I never can be less. External power can affect those only who have none intrinsically. I have seen the day, Eubulides, when the most august of cities had but one voice within her walls; and when the stranger, on entering them, stopped at the silence of the gateway and said, 'Demosthenes is speaking in the assembly of the people.'"

"There are few who form their opinions of greatness from the individuals. Ovid says, 'The girl is the least part of herself.' Of himself, certainly, the man is."

"No men are so facetious as those whose minds are somewhat perverted. Truth enjoys good air and clear light, but no play ground."

"I found that the principal means (of gratifying the universal desire of happiness) lay in the avoidance of those very things which had hitherto been taken up as the instruments of enjoyment and content; such as military commands, political offices, clients, adventures in commerce, and extensive landed property."

"Abstinence from low pleasures is the only means of meriting or of obtaining the higher."

"Praise keeps men good."

"The highest price we can pay for a thing is to ask for it."

"There is a gloom in deep love as in deep water; there is a silence in it which suspends the foot; and the folded arms and the dejected head are the images it reflects. No voice shakes its surface; the muses themselves approach it with a tardy and a timid step, and with a low and tremulous and melancholy song."

"Anaxagoras is the true, firm, constant friend of Pericles; the golden lamp that shines perpetually on the image I adore."

The Letter of Pericles to Aspasia in reply to her request to be permitted to visit Xeniades:

"Do what your heart tells you: yes, Aspasia, do *all* it tells you. Remember how august it is. It contains the temple, not only of Love, but of Conscience; and a whisper is heard from the extremity of one to the extremity of the other.

"Bend in pensiveness, even in sorrow, on the flowery bank of youth, whereunder runs the stream that passes irreversibly! let the garland drop into it, let the hand be refreshed by it—but—may the beautiful feet of Aspasia stand firm." E.

TRANSCENDENTALISM.

The Rev. Mr. Parker's fourth lecture on Religion was devoted to the relation of the religious sentiment to the scriptures. He made sad work with the common and received notions of the Bible, and his metaphysical system showed its cloven foot, if cloven foot it has. It being a fundamental principle with him, that the necessary institutions of the soul reveal to it absolute truths; of course he was bound logically to reject every thing which clashed or appeared to clash with them. As God is revealed to man, through the Reason, there can be nothing in a true written revelation from Him, which is unreasonable; and as every person has within him the inner light "which lighteth every man that cometh into the world," every person is qualified to judge of the truth or falsehood of a book, said to come from God. Mr. Parker took up the Old and New Testaments, and very coolly decided that certain portions were mere oriental poems, not entitled to any historical credit, and others contained mistakes in fact, and were objectionable in point of morals and religion. He commenced the lecture with quite an eloquent detail of the vast influence the Bible had exerted in the world, and came to the conclusion that it must embrace much which was true and divine. It was the most remarkable series of compositions which the world had ever seen, and had stood the test of ages. But the common view taken of the supernatural origin of all its parts, he deemed false and pernicious. He denied its miraculous and infallible inspiration.

He first went into a consideration of the Old Testament. The old Hebrew doctors divided it into three parts—the Law, the Prophets, and the Writings, giving to them various degrees of inspiration, and not considering them all as equally inspired, as was done by most christians now. The Law, according to these authorities, came directly from God, and was infallible; the Prophetical writings were the records of the communings of their authors with God, in visions and dreams; and the Writings were even less inspired, and farther removed from the miraculous action of the Deity on the minds of their authors. Mr. Parker appeared to consider neither as having claim to the authority ascribed to them by the Jews, much less by Christians. He contended that the Old Testament could not be put upon the same ground of infallible inspiration with the New without contradiction. If both were equally inspired, they must be equally true, and their injunctions equally binding; but there was a wide and acknowledged difference between Judaism and Christianity. One was ritual, the other spiritual; one finite, the other absolute. The first was abrogated by the second. The Old Testament contained many things which were opposed to the grand leading doctrines of Christianity, and which palpably displayed their origin in human passion and imperfections. It often represented the Deity in a human form, gave him human passions, and degraded him beneath Nero and Caligula in cruelty. Christianity teaches us to love our enemies—Judaism, in many instances, to hate them. Mr. P. adduced many passages in the Old Testament to sustain his position, but we have no space to refer to them. In his remarks on the prophetical writings he was very heretical, denying that the prophets had ever predicted the coming of the Messiah except as a temporal king, and asserting that many of their predictions, respecting other events, did not come to pass. He acknowledged the honesty of the writers of the Old Testament, with the exception of the author of the Chronicles, whom he accused of intentional deception respecting historical events, and contended that the prophets did not claim for themselves that infallible inspiration which is claimed for them by theologians.

In short, Mr. Parker seemed to think that the writers of the Old Testament, though inspired to a certain extent, and in a greater degree than most other men, were still subject to human imperfection, error and sin, and that all these were manifested in their writings. He deemed the first part of Genesis nothing but a poem, and a good portion of other books as mythological. In considering the New Testament, he displayed as much dogmatism as in reviewing the old, and brought similar charges against its writers. He denied its infallible and miraculous inspiration—represented the account of the miraculous conception as necessarily incorrect—slightly hinted a few doubts respecting the miracles, and came to the conclusion that Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Peter, and Paul, were not recipients of infallible inspiration from God, but were liable to human imperfection and error.

The whole lecture was a singular one. It was quite a curious spectacle to see a man sitting in judgment on the Bible, cutting here and slashing there; asserting that some parts were necessarily true, and others necessarily false—and at the same time claiming to be a Christian in the fullest sense of the word. If the lecture were published it would be an easy task for a theologian to find in it many inconsistencies. He put some questions on a false issue, and referred to many things in the Bible as necessarily erroneous, which the reason of a good portion of his auditory would very easily acknowledge to be true. We do not see what right Mr. Parker has to deny on the authority of his own reason, what the reason of others, equally as much the repository of God's light, has accepted.—*Boston Notion*

Practical Christianity.

CHRIST OUR PATTERN IN HUMILITY.

We press on you the exhortation of St. Paul: "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus." He died to make atonement, but he died also to set a pattern. Shall selfishness find patrons among you when you have gazed on the example of disinterestedness? Shall pride be harbored, after you have seen Deity humbling himself, and then, as man, abasing himself till there was no lower point to which he could descend? And all this for us; for you; for me; for the vile, for the reprobate, for the lost! And what return do we make, alas! for the neglect, the contempt, the coldness, the formality, which he who humbled himself and agonized, and died the death of shame on our behalf, receives at our hands? Which of us is faithfully taking pattern? Which of us, I do not say, has mastered and ejected pride but is setting himself in good earnest, and with all the energy which might be brought to the work, to the wrestling with pride and sweeping it from the breast? Would to God that the doctrine, which is the alone engine against the haughtiness and self-sufficiency of the fallen, that the Mediator between earth and heaven was "perfect God and perfect man," may be deeply written on our hearts. There must be Deity in the rock which could bear up a foundered world. May none of you forget this. The young more especially, keep ye this diligently in mind. I have lived much amid the choicest assemblies of the literary youth of our land, and I know full well how commonly the pride of talent, or the appetite for novelty, or the desire to be singular, or the aversion from what is holy will cause an unstable mind to yield itself to specious sophistry, or the licentious effrontery, of sceptical writings. I pray God that none of you be drawn within the eddies of that whirlpool of infidelity which rends into a thousand shivers the noblest barks freighted with a rich lading of intellect and learning. Be ye watchful alike against the dogmas of an insolent reasoning, and the siren strains of a voluptuous poetry, and the fiendlike sneers of reprobate men, and the polished cavils of fashionable contempt. Let none of those seduce or scare you from the simplicity of the faith.—*Melvill.*

SELF DECEPTION.

From the beginning of the world, to this day, there was never any great villany acted by men, but it was in the strength of some great fallacy

put upon their minds by a false representation of evil for good, or good for evil. Is a man impoverished and undone by the purchase of an estate? why; it is, because he bought an imposture; payed down his money for a lie, and by the help of the best and ablest counsel (forsooth) that could be had, took a bad title for a good. Is a man unfortunate in marriage? still it is, because he was deceived, and put his neck into the snare, before he put it into the yoke, and so took that for virtue and affection, which was nothing but vice in a disguise, and a devilish humor under a demure look. Is he again unhappy and calamitous in his friendships? why, in this also, it is because he built upon the air and trod upon a quicksand, and took that for kindness and sincerity which was only malice and design.—*South.*

PARABLE OF THE SOWER.

Our Saviour had such knowledge of the human heart, and such power of expressing that knowledge, that he frequently gives us, in one or two bold outlines, descriptions of great classes into which the world or the church may be divided. There is no more remarkable instance of this than the parable of the sower. In that parable Christ furnishes descriptions of four classes of the hearers of the Gospel, each description being brief, and fetched from the character of the soil on which the sower cast his seed. But the singularity is, that these four classes include the whole mass of hearers, so that, when combined, they make up either the world or the church. You cannot imagine any fifth class. For in every man who is brought within sound of the Gospel, the seed must be as that by the way-side, which is quickly carried away, or as that on shallow soil where the roots cannot strike, or as that among thorns which choke all the produce; or, finally, as that which, falling on a well-prepared place, yeilds fruit abundantly. You may try to find hearers who come not under any one of these descriptions, but you will not succeed; whilst, on the other hand, the world has never yet presented an assemblage of mixed hearers which might not be resolved into these four divisions. And we regard it as an extraordinary evidence of the sagacity, if the expression be lawful, of our Lord, of his superhuman penetration, and of his marvellous facility in condensing volumes into sentences, that he has thus furnished, in few words, a sketch of the whole world in its every age, and given us, within the compass of a dozen lines, the moral history of our race, as acted on by the preaching of the Gospel.—*Melvill.*

Ecclesiastical Intelligence.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Consecration.—On Wednesday morning of this week, St. John's Church, Charlestown, was consecrated to the worship of Almighty God, by Bishop Griswold. The instrument of donation and endowment was read by the Reverend T. S. Lambert, of the T. S. Navy. The sentence of consecration was read by the Rev. S. Fuller, Jr., of Christ Church, Andover. Morning prayer was read by the Rev. J. L. Watson, of Trinity Church, Boston, assisted in the lessons by the Rev. M. B. Chase, of the U. S. Navy. The ante-communion service was read by the bishop, who also preached the sermon.—*Witness and Advocate.*

Rev. T. M. Clark.—We mention, with much pleasure and gratitude, that our beloved brother is fast regaining his accustomed health and spirits. On Sunday last, he was able to officiate in his church all day, and to be present at a missionary meeting in the chapel in the evening.—*Ib.*

Ordination.—On Sunday morning last, the bishop ordained, in St. James's Church, Roxbury, to the office of deacon Mr. Fordyce M. Hubbard. Prayers were read by the Rev. Mr. Snow. The candidate was presented by the Rev. Mr. Howe. The bishop preached the sermon, and administered the communion. In the afternoon, the Rev. Mr. Hubbard read prayers; the bishop preached and confirmed five.—*Ib.*

CONNECTICUT.

Ordinations.—On Wednesday, Nov. 3d, the Right Rev. Bishop Brownell held a special ordination, and administered the holy rite of confirmation in St. John's Church, Bridgeport. Divine service was performed the evening previous, the Rev. Mr. Yarrington reading the prayers, and the Rev. Mr. Purves, the lessons. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Stocking—text, Isaiah xiv. 6—"We do fade as a leaf."

Wednesday morning, the bishop admitted Mr. Thomas T. Guion, of Newtown, to the order of deacon, the Rev. Mr. Stocking presenting the candidate The Rev. Messrs. George A. Sterling George L. Foote, and Paschal P. Kidder, were presented at the same time, by the Rev. Mr. Rossiter, to be admitted to the order of priesthood. The Rev. Drs. Burhans, Mead, and Coit, and the Rev. Messrs Baldwin, Rossiter, and Stocking, united in the laying on of hands. Morning prayer was read by the Rev. Dr. Coit, and the lessons by the Rev. Dr. Mead. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Leacock, of Westport.

In the afternoon, the bishop confirmed and addressed twenty-six persons. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Mead. Prayers were read by the Rev. Mr. Bull, and the lessons by the Rev. Mr. Foote.—*Church Chronicle.*

On Wednesday the 27th of October, the Right Rev. Bishop Brownell held an ordination at Christ Church, Hartford; and admitted Mr. Frederick Miller, Jun., to the holy order of deacons. Morning prayer was read by the Rev. Mr Cushing, and the sermon was preached and the candidate presented by the rector of the parish.—*Ib.*

The Rev. William F. Morgan, having accepted a call as assistant minister of Trinity Parish, New Haven, Conn., wishes his papers and letters directed to that place.—*Ib.*

NEW-YORK.

EPISCOPAL ACTS BY THE BISHOP OF THIS DIOCESE.

City of New-York. Friday, November 5, consecrated the Church of the Ascension, a substitute for a former church destroyed by fire The instrument of donation by the vestry was presented to the Bishop by Mr. Robert Dyson, a member of that body, and read by the Rev. Manton Eastburn, D. D., the Rector of the parish. The Sentence of Consecration was read by the Rev. Jonathan M. Wainwright, D. D, an Assistant Minister of Trinity Church, and the morning prayer by the Rev. James Milnor, D D., Rector of St. George's Church; and the sermon preached by the Bishop.

Twenty-Second Sunday after Trinity, November 7, in Christ Church, admitted William Herbert Norris to Deacons' Orders, and the Rev. Frederick W. T. Pollard, Deacon, belonging to this Diocese, but for the present in the pastoral charge of Trinity Church, Nantucket, Massachusetts, to the Priesthood. Morning prayer was read by the Rev. Isaac Peck, Assistant Minister of the Parish, the sermon preached by the Bishop, and the candidates presented by the Reverend Thomas Lyell, D. D., Rector of the Church.

BISHOP ONDERDONK'S APPOINTMENTS FOR VISITATION.

Fourth Sunday in Advent, Dec. 19, Christ Church, *New-York.*
Second Sunday after Epiphany, January 16, St. Stephen's Church.
Sexagisma Sunday, Jan. 30, Grace Church.
First Sunday in Lent, Feb. 13, Christ Church, *Brooklyn.*
Third Sunday in Lent, Feb. 27, St. George's Church, *New-York.*
Fourth Sunday in Lent, March 6, French Church du St. Esprit.
Fifth Sunday in Lent, March 13. Zion Church.
Sunday next before Easter, March 20, St. John's Church, *Brooklyn.*
First Sunday after Easter, April, 3, St. Philip's Church, *New-York.*
Third Sunday after Easter, April 17, St. Luke's Church.
Fourth Sunday after Easter, April 24, St. Mary's Church, *Brooklyn.*

A meeting was held at St. Bartholomew's, on Sunday evening last, when the Rev. Mr. Hill preached a farewell discourse, prior to his departure for Greece. Addresses were also delivered by Bishop Polk, and the Rev. Dr. Milnor. The congregation testified their interest in the mission by a contribution of over two hundred dollars.

At a special meeting of the Standing Committee of the diocese of New-York, held on the 6th inst., the Rev. Frederick W. Pollard was recommended to the bishop for priests' orders, and Mr. William Hebert Norris, to be ordained deacon. Mr. Alfred A. Watson, and Mr. Richard Whittingham, Jr., were, at the same meeting, recommended to be received as candidates for orders.

The Rev. S. Davis, having removed from Patterson, Putnam Co., to Pleasant Valley, Dutchess Co., wishes all papers and letters for him directed to that place.—*Churchman.*

WESTERN NEW-YORK.

Ordination.—On Sunday, Nov. 7th, in Trinity church, Geneva, Bishop DeLancey admitted Mr. John William Clark to the holy order of Deacons. Morning Prayer was read by the Rev. Dr. Hale, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Bourne, who read the lessons, and the sermon was preached by the Rev. P. P. Irving, the rector of the church. The Holy Communion was administered by the Bishop.—*Gos. Mess.*

PENNSYLVANIA.

Clerical Changes.—The Rev. N. S. Harris, rector of the church of the Evangelists, has been unanimously called to the rectorship of the church of the Ascension, which he has accepted. Mr. Harris' unparalleled success in the field of labor which he has occupied, we may regard as a pledge and earnest of usefulness in the wider field upon which he now enters.

The Rev. C. Wiltberger, has resigned the rectorship of St. Stephen's church, Willingborough, N. J., and accepted a call to Trinity Church, Centreville, (vacant by the resignation of the Rev. G. W. Ridgely,) and Grace church, Hulmeville, Bucks county. His place of residence is Newtown, Bucks county, Pa., to which place he wishes all letters and papers directed.—*Ep. Rec.*

We learn with deep regret that the health of the Rev. Mr. Suddards, of Grace Church, has become so much impaired as to demand, in the opinion of his physicians, a temporary suspension of his pulpit duties. He has obtained from his congregation leave of absence for six months, and will sail for England on the 20th of the present month, in the ship Shenandoah, Capt. West. If many and fervent prayers can prevail, the hope encouraged by his medical advisers will be realized, in his return with renewed health to the large and affectionate flock amongst whom his labours have been so eminently useful.

The Rev. Benjamin F. Watson has been engaged to supply the pulpit of Grace Church during its Rector's absence.—*Banner of the Cross.*

MARYLAND.

On Thursday last, 4th inst., a new church in the city of Baltimore, called "The Church of the Ascension," was consecrated to the worship and service of Almighty God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, by the Rt. Rev. William R. Whittingham, D. D., Bishop of Maryland. The deed of donation was read by the Rev. Francis Peck, rector of the church, and the sentence of consecration by the Rev. Dr. Henshaw. Morning Prayer was conducted by the Rev. Dr. Johns, and the lessons read by the Rev. H. S. Keppler. An appropriate and interesting sermon was preached by the Bishop, who also administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, assisted by the rector. The Rev. Messrs. McJilton and Whitesides were also present and bore a part in the solemnities.—*Ep. Rec.*

VIRGINIA.

Bishop Moore was expected to be in Lynchburg at the close of last week, and to preach and administer the rite of confirmation in St. Paul's church in that place on Sunday.

KENTUCKY.

Bishop Smith having removed from Lexington to the vicinity of Louisville, requests that all letters and papers should be directed to him to Louisville, Ky.

INDIANA.

A new Protestant Episcopal Church, to be known by the name and designation of St. Stephen's Church, was recently organized at New Harmony in this diocese, and the Rev. B. Halsted, missionary, recently appointed to that place, invited to become its minister, and accepted. Measures have been taken to erect a suitable place of worship.

The Rev. Benjamin Halsted, an alumnus of the Theological Seminary of Virginia, having accepted the appointment of missionary at New Harmony, Indiana, and removed there, request his letters and papers, &c. to be sent to that place.

IOWA.

The Rev. Zachariah Goldsmith having removed to Davenport, Iowa, to officiate by appointment of the Domestic Board as Missionary at that place and some of the adjacent towns, desires that all his letters, papers, &c. may be directed to the place of his present residence.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

CANADA.

On Sunday, the 24th ult., the Lord Bishop of Toronto held an ordination in the Cathedral church of that city, when the Rev. Henry C. Cooper, B. A., and the Rev. Michael Boomer, B.A., and the Rev. Thomas Fidler, deacons, were admitted to the order of Priests, and Mr. William MawShaw to the order of Deacons. The sermon by the Bishop.

ENGLAND.

We doubt not that some of our readers have already heard that a Protestant bishopric is about to be established at Jerusalem.

In this good work the King of Prussia, who takes a deep interest in the Jewish people, cordially concurs with our Church, and the expense of the undertaking is to be borne in no inconsiderable degree by that admirable Prince.

The bishopric was first tendered to Dr. M'Caul, the well known Hebrew scholar: but he declined simply on the plea that in his judgment a Jew ought to be raised to the Episcopate. In conformity with this view of the subject, the office was proposed to, and has been accepted by, Mr. Alexander, the well-known Hebrew Professor in King's College. Our readers are aware that Mr. Alexander is a converted Jew. That for many years he has borne a consistent Christian character, vindicating the integrity of his conversion to the Christian faith, and that he is highly esteemed for his literary acquirements as well as his high-toned piety. The choice is one fitted to give universal satisfaction.

Mr. Alexander, we understand, will be consecrated to his high and most interesting office by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The present emoluments of the see will be 1,200*l.* a-year. And it has been arranged that, in the progress and furtherance of the work, not only shall the Bishop of Jerusalem consecrate English clergymen, duly qualified, but also Germans who subscribe, as the confession of their faith, the Augsburg Confession. In short, it would appear the whole enterprise has been conceived of and advanced in a true spirit of enlarged Christian charity and brotherly love, the further extension of which is greatly to be desired.

We must confess we contemplate this event with very great satisfaction, not only as one of high interest and import simply considered, but also, as may be hoped, as the harbinger of more Christian union, and of the interchange of Christian sympathy and good offices among the orthodox Protestant Churches of Europe.

Rome is raising herself up not only in every part of Europe, but in every part of the world, with the highest aspirations after, and expectations of, an universal empire. Her hateful and ruinous dominion, she boldly asserts, though for a time in abeyance, is now to shine out with greater splendor than ever. The quiet of the kingdom of Prussia has been in no slight degree disturbed by her unjust pretensions, and this country, on the side of Ireland, suffers not a little from her ruthless aggressions. May Protestants unite against their common foe. May we unite, as brethren, without any regard to enemies, to carry forward in blessed harmony the triumphs of the cross. Outward differences, considered in the light of Scripture, give just occasion, not for division and contention, but for the exercise of mutual forbearance and Christian charity. May this spirit be shed more abundantly upon the orthodox Churches, proving them to be but different members of that one great mystical body, the universal Church of Christ. And where orthodoxy of the faith and devotedness of heart prevail in the Churches of the saints, though they differ in outward things, more experience of one another will show to all, that "the kingdom of God is not meat and drink"—consists not in the form of the casket, but in the quality of the jewels which it contains. If these be "righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost," we know with whom these graces originate, we know how they ought to be prized by us, and what thanks ought to be rendered to Him who is their sole auther, and to whose glory they shall shine for evermore.—*London Paper.*

The Rev. Dr. Dorr has recently received a letter from the Secretary of the Society in England for propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts, which contains another gratifying proof of the interest which the English Clergy take in our affairs, and the cordial manner in which they welcome every intercourse between the two churches. On this account we lay an extract of the Secretary's letter before our readers:

"To hold intercourse with the members of your Church is, I assure you, at all times a very great gratification to us in England; a feeling which has lately been much increased by the visit of the learned and excellent Bishop of New Jersey. I had the honor of meeting him and of conversing with him at the Bishop of London's; and I also heard his most admirable sermon at the consecration of Leed's Church. I hope you will be kind enough to present my respectful compliments to him, and also to Mr. Haight, his companion.

"With regard to the annals of this Society, we shall have much pleasure in furnishing you with every thing that we can. I will at once send to your Booksellers, Messrs. Wiley and Putnam, a copy of a work called "the Propaganda," published in this century, embodying much of Humphrey's work, and giving the subsequent history of the Society. This work, as well as Humphrey's, is, in this country also, very rare. I shall at the same time send copies of our Annual Report, as far back as I can,—copies of our *Quarterly Papers*, as far as I can procure them,—and copies also of occasional papers, which we put forth for various purposes. I will also add a little history of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. I will also ask you to do us the favor to accept six copies, each year, of our Annual Report; and we shall feel obliged if you can distribute them among your friends.

"If at any time I can do any thing for you in London, as to books or Church matters, I hope you will command my services; and at all events, I earnestly trust that this may be the commencement of a regular correspondence. Heartily desiring that every step may be taken which can cement the union between the two Churches, I have the honor to be," &c.

Most of our readers are aware that the above Society was instituted in 1701, nearly a century and a half ago. They know, too, that to that venerable Society many of the Churches in this country are "indebted, under God, for their first foundation, and a long continuance of nursing care and protection." Its annals, therefore, running back through so many years, must be peculiarly interesting and valuable to the American Churchman, and we rejoice that such an acquisition is about to be made to the library of one of our clerical brethren. The tone and spirit of the above letter are such as will gladden the hearts of all who desire to see the bonds of union more closely drawn between the Anglican and American branches of the One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church.—*Banner of the Cross.*

Literary.

For the Church Record.

OLD ENGLISH LITERATURE.

NUMBER XL.

THE LIFE OF LORD KEEPER NORTH, BY THE HON. ROGER NORTH.

Legal biography may readily be supposed to interest the profession more than any other species of lives, nor is it by any means distasteful to the general reader. Lawyers have at all times done their full share in advancing the interests of society, and their memory should be preserved with reverence. The profession of the Law has produced the greatest statesmen and most brilliant orators of modern times; some of the ablest divines have been origi-

nally lawyers, and have brought to the high topics of theology an acute logical head, as well as an ardent imagination and a pure heart. The greatest writers in every department (take the present century for an instance) from Sir Walter Scott down to a brilliant weekly newspaper critic, as those of the Examiner, and the best modern periodicals, have been lawyers. From the law has the world received the blessings of that profound and admirable philosophy, so conducive to public interest and so well adapted to private happiness, which we read in the pages of Bacon, of Burke, and of Brougham. The sharpness and transparency of intellect that legal studies and legal practice afford, go far towards the general improvement of the faculties of observation and comparison. Hence we find lawyers such masters of real life, and the best society of any place you may enter. In the country, the Judge is the first man, and the principal Advocate stands next highest. In the city, even in this commercial mart, the profession of the law, as a profession, stands unquestionably the highest.—Though law itself is unromantic enough in its study, let Eunomus and Lord Bolingbroke, and Mc Intosh and Dr. Warren say what they may to the contrary, yet it is very far from being a dull pursuit. The most unexpected incidents and turns daily arise, the rarest characters are to be met with, the most open reference to the human heart is often made by the able lawyer, in a free and diversified practice. We are very far from thinking the legal life comparable to that of the true man of letters; still, where there is much to praise, it is churlish to remain silent. Finally, as a class of men, for general intelligence, clearness of mind, temperance of opinion, real force of character, polished amenity of manner, we can find none superior to the best class of lawyers, the old senatorial band of Judges and counsellors of long standing, and the newer and fresher army of smart, young attorneys.

This long preface may introduce us more suitably to the company of the sages of the law, and the subject of the volume at the head of the present paper. The author of this rare volume, a fine piece of legal biography, is Roger North, to whose name is placed the affix of Honorable, the brother of his hero and the object of the life, the Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of England, during the reign of Charles II. and James II. Francis North was a very important character in his day, but except for this entertaining memoir would probably have fallen a prey to oblivion, as the ablest lawyer, both before and since his time. Connexion with politics and contemporary history, or with letters, can alone perpetuate a legal reputation, and it seems but a fair disposal of the gifts of fortune. An eminent barrister has high place, and a very large income during life: the writer has a wider and a fairer species of fame, but much less *l'argent*. Death sets a seal on the reputation of the last, but obliterates the traces of the former's notoriety. We question if there are many lawyers who know any thing beyond the name (if, indeed, that) of Lord North, yet he ranked much above many "little great men" of the present day, and will gain a more respectable name from an equitable posterity. The facts of his life are not many or wonderful, but they are told with singular naivete, and greatly to the advantage of the relater. The chief excellence of the book lies in the spirited portraits of contemporary sergeants and justices: the upright Hale; the infamous Jeffries; the acute Maynard; the witty, learned and noble spirited Saunders. The love and gratitude of the author towards his brother, the maker of his fortune, and ever his sure friend, is delightful to witness, as well as his genuine merit, and as genuine modesty. The Lord Keeper was both the model of our writer's conduct, and the object of his affectionate eulogy. As for the historical accuracy of the book, that is evident from internal proof, as well as contemporary arguments. It is frequently quoted by Hume in his history as a relic of standard reference.

North's legal education was framed in the good old model. He was an early and late, hard student of the Year Books and old reports: was a great putter of cases, and, in a word, lived, slept, and dreamt on law, as honest Boniface, on ale. Though very modest, (a rare defect in a lawyer, and one soon got over,) yet, being a favorite of the older lawyers, he was speedily advanced in his profession, and gradually clambered up the most arduous heights, and reached the highest eminence of the law. His private life is without interest; the account of his unsuccessful suits in the court of love, tell rather against a favorable opinion of his disinterestedness. He was a very prudent sort of man, a little bordering on meanness, or at least, excessive caution. Yet he was honest, even in his open defiance of Jeffries, and in his counsels to King James, whose final overthrow and misfortunes he clearly foresaw. His greatest defect as a Judge, was a weakness honorable to humanity. He was a faint-hearted sentencer. He had, for instance to try witches, yet disbelieved the crime, while he feared to offend vulgar prejudices. Our humane Judge did all he could on every occasion to procure the acquittal of the unfortunate old women so accused. North was a liberal man in many other points, much in advance of his time, and is hence now deserving of our regard.

The following portrait is appended, as a living picture of a very notorious personage—a summary of the character of Jeffries. "His friendship and conversation lay much among the good fellows and humorists; and his delights were, accordingly, *drinking*, *laughing*, *singing*, *kissing*, and all the extravagances of the bottle. He had a set of banterers, for the most part, near him, as in old times great men kept fools to make them merry. And these fellows, abusing one another, were a regale to him. And no friendship or dearness could be so great, in private, which he would not use ill, and to an extravagant degree, in public. No one that had any expectations from him, was safe from his public contempt and derision, which some of his minions at the bar bitterly felt. Those alone that could hurt or benefit him, and none else, might depend on fair quarter at his hands. *When he was in temper and matters indifferent came before him, he became his seat of justice better than any other I ever saw in his place.* He took a pleasure in matching fraudulent attorneys, and would deal forth his severities with a sort of majesty. He had extraordinary natural abilities, but little acquired, beyond what practice in affairs had supplied, He talked fluently, and with spirit; and his weakness was that he could not reprehend without scolding, and in such Billingsgate language as should not come out of the mouth of any man. He called it *giving a lick with the rough side of his tongue.* It was ordinary to hear him say, *Go, you are a filthy, busy, nitty rascal;* with much more of like eloquence. Scarce a day past that he did not chide some one or other of the bar, when he sat in the Chancery; and it was commonly a lecture of a quarter of an hour long. And they used to say, *This is yours; my turn will be to-morrow.* He seemed to lay none of his business to heart, nor care what he did or left undone; and spent in the Chancery court, what time he thought fit to spare. Many times, on days of causes at his house, the company have waited five hours in a morning, and, after eleven, he hath come out inflamed and staring like one distracted. And that visage he put on when he animadverted on such as he took offence at, which made him a terror to real offenders; whom also he terrified with his face and voice, as *if the thunders of the day of judgment broke over their heads*: and nothing ever made men tremble like his vocal inflictions. He loved to insult and was bold without check; but that only where his plea was uppermost. To give an instance; A city attorney was petitioned against for some abuse; and affidavit was made that when he was told of my Lord Chancellor, *My Lord Chancellor*, said he, *I made him:* meaning his being a means to bring him early into city practice. When this affidavit was read, *well*, said the Lord Chancellor, *then I will lay my maker by the heels.* And, with that conceit, one of his best old friends went to jail. One of these intemperances was fatal to him. There was a scrivener of Wapping brought to hearing for relief against a bummery bond: the contingency of losing all being shewed, the bill was going to be dismissed. But one of the plaintiff's counsel said that he was a strange fellow, and sometimes went to church, sometimes to conventicles; and none could tell what to make of him; *and it was thought he was a trimmer.* At that the Chancellor fired: and, *a trimmer!* said he: *I have heard much of that monster but never saw him. Come forth Mr. Trimmer, turn you round, and let us see your shape:* and, at that rate, talked so long that the poor fellow was ready to drop under him; but, at last, the bill was dismissed with costs, and he went his way. In the hall, one of his friends asked him how he came off? *Came off*, said he, *I am escaped from the terrors of that man's face, which I could scarce undergo again to save my life: and I shall certainly have the frightful impression of it as long as I live.* But, mark the justice of Providence. "Afterwards, when the Prince of Orange came, and all was in confusion, this Lord Chancellor, being very obnoxious, disguised himself in order to go beyond sea. He was in a seaman's garb, and drinking a pot in a cellar. This scrivener came into the cellar after some of his clients: and his eye caught that face, which made him start; and the Chancellor seeing himself eyed, feigned a cough, and turned to the wall with the pot in his hand. But Mr. Trimmer went out, and gave notice that he was there; whereupon the mob flowed in, and he was in extreme hazard of his life; but the Lord Mayor saved him and lost himself." Such was one of the most singular characters that ever disgraced a Court of Justice. A strange mixture of a strong mind and a bad heart, Nero-like fawning one minute and bent on destruction the next: a bold, bad man. Other judges may take warning by the scolding propensities of this savage, who "loved to insult" and learn the impolicy of making enemies, of those they may one day sue to for protection. The character of Saunders is the complete reverse of the foregoing.

Saunders, Chief Justice and author of the celebrated Reports, that are published under his name, was originally a poor charity boy, and thought by some to have been a parish foundling; who by great industry, acuteness, wit, and sweetness, of temper, rose to be first Judge of the King's Bench. He was noted for a lively turn of conversation and

great readiness of reply: a man of equal generosity and simplicity of character, who labored under a disgusting body of morbid flesh, some general affection that spread over his whole frame, rendering him a loathsome object. And yet his affectionate disposition and great talents made him to be the most sought after of any pleader of his time, when at the bar, and rendered him the most popular Judge that sat on the bench. From a long, elaborate portrait, full of discrimination and feeling, we select a few sentences.

"He was a very Silenus to the boys, as in this place I may term the students of the law, to make them merry whenever he had a mind to it. He had nothing of rigid or austere in him. If any near him at the bar grumbled at his stench, he ever converted the complaint into a content and laughing, with the abundance of his wit. As to his ordinary dealing, he was as honest as the driven snow was white; and, why not, having no regard to money, or desire to be rich? And, for good nature and condescension, there was not his fellow. I have seen him for hours and half hours together, before the court sat, stand at the bar with an audience of students, over against him, putting of cases, and debating so as suiting their capacities, and encouraged their industry. And, so in the Temple, he seldom moved without a parcel of youths hanging about him, and he merry and jesting with them."

With such men as this last, and his equals, did Lord North preserve the high legal character, which, in the best days of the English and American Bars, was composed of integrity, learning, honor, acuteness and humanity. Such men are to be found now, and such ever will be seen, "salt of the earth," to keep the fountain of justice, pure and incorrupt, and to preserve the standard of honesty, high and unchangeable. J.

NEW BOOKS.

A beautiful *Pictorial Edition* of the VICAR OF WAKEFIELD has been issued, from the untiring press of the Messrs. Appleton's, worthy of that charming romance. The form is 8vo., a little too large perhaps, for the tiny hands of the young; but the defect in point of bulk is compensated for by the clear and admirable type. Prefixed to the novel is the Life by Doctor Aikin and his Essay on Goldsmith's poetry. The illustrations are numerous and afford great helps to impressing the moral of the story on childish readers. The series of which this is a volume is to contain similar books, and among them, the immortal history of Robinson Crusoe, of which, edition after edition disappears so rapidly. There are many large histories, civil and political, which will take longer to reach a second, than the history of Robinson Crusoe will take to reach a two-hundreth edition. We had scarcely written the above when the new appearance of Robinson Crusoe hove in sight, and which, we dare say, will be received by all "juveniles" as readily and gratefully as the the Vicar of Wakefield.

A TOKEN OF AFFECTION: *or Sketches by a Christian's Way-Side. By Mrs. A. M. Mead. Philadelphia, Hooker & Agnew*, 1841.

This is a neat little book, made up, as we are informed in the preface, of "scenes from real life, sketched in the journal of the author, as from time to time the incidents passed under her observation. They are very simple, but were thought worthy of being remembered as illustrative of the reality of the Christian's hope, and of the sustaining power of the religion of Jesus."

We copy one of these sketches in our paper to-day; viz.

THE EXHORTATION TO THE COMMUNION.

"O let thy table honored be,
And furnished well with joyful guests,
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its holy pledges tastes!"

"It was Monday morning—a minister of God sat in his quiet study, his head reclining upon his emaciated hands. His serene brow spoke of habitual intercourse with his God, and his wasted frame betokened anxious and arduous labor in his blessed service. Before him lay his open Bible—his compass and chart—his counsellor and guide—his solace and support. A Concordance was beside it, and these two volumes alone occupied his desk. The holy seriousness of the good man's countenance was not unmingled with *sadness*. Another Sabbath was over, and its account had gone up to God! Had the word been faithfully preached? Had his teachings been a savor of *life or death*—had he approved himself a trusty watchman of the city of God—had any sinner been awakened—any saint strengthened, any anxious soul comforted, through his instrumentality? These and the like thoughts passed through the mind of the faithful pastor as he commenced his preparation for the next Lord's day.

"On that day he was to administer the holy sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and to break the bread of life to the 'sacramental host of God's elect,' and with deeper earnestness than usual had he prayed for divine assistance, that he might prepare himself to declare affectionately and faithfully the whole counsel of God on a subject so solemn, important and affecting. As he contemplated the value of the soul and its *everlasting* interests, this poor, passing, fading life seemed nothing to his spiritually directed mind, and the consideration that the immortal interests of many were committed to his trust, pressed with intense weight upon his anxious heart. '*Who* is sufficient for these things?' he inwardly exclaimed—a voice from the same divine oracle responded, '*My* grace is sufficient for thee,' and strengthened by the heavenly assurance, he commenced his work with renewed energy and faith. A gentle knock was heard at the door of the pastor's study, and he was summoned below to meet one who had come to speak with him upon the concerns of her undying soul. No other duty except that of administering consolation to the sick and dying, was allowed to interfere with his preparations for the pulpit. He entered his sitting room, and was met by a familiar countenance; a youthful mother whose garb of mourning told a tale of early sorrow and bereavement. Two children were by her side—little children; tender in years, and delicate in appearance—not consecrated to God in baptism, and therefore without a claim upon his *covenant* care. The pastor welcomed his parishioner kindly and cordially; long had she sat beneath his teaching, and as he noticed her regular attendance upon the worship of God, and her devout and serious manner, he had often felt a hope and almost a conviction, *Thou art not far from the kingdom of heaven.*

"But, year after year had he looked in vain for the fruit of his spiritual culture: God in his providence had spoken to her loudly, and by the severest stroke of his hand sought to bring her to himself. Her heart was softened, and she sought the consolations of religion as the only balm to her wounded bosom, but still month after month she withheld her foot from the table of the Lord, and neglected the divine command, *Do this in remembrance of me.* But the voice of the Spirit had at length been regarded, and an instrument apparently most simple had been the most effectual. Her errand to her pastor was to signify her wish to unite on the next Lord's day with his communing people.

"'And what has awakened you, my dear friend, to a sense of this obligation?' 'The *solemn and affecting exhortation to the communion contained in our Prayer Book*, and read to us by yourself yesterday. Besides your faithful private admonitions, I have listened to that *same invitation* for years from your lips—it has fallen like a familiar sound upon my dull ears, or perhaps been unheard or never thought of; but yesterday its solemn *earnestness* touched my heart, and I wept as I listened to the appeal of Christ through his minister. As I heard the following passage, I resolved, through God's grace, never again to turn my back upon the Lord's table.

"'Wherefore, according to mine office I bid you in the name of God, I call you in Christ's behalf, I exhort you as you love your own salvation, that ye will be partakers of this holy communion. And as the Son of God did vouchsafe to yield up his soul by death upon the cross, for your salvation; so it is your duty to receive the communion in remembrance of the sacrifice of his death, as he himself has commanded; which if ye shall neglect to do, consider with yourselves, how great is your ingratitude to God, and how sore punishment hangeth over your heads for the same, when ye wilfully abstain from the Lord's table and separate from your brethren who come to feed on the banquet of that most heavenly food.'

"The mother requested that the same Sabbath that witnessed her union with the people of God, might see her children dedicated to him in baptism, and thus in the divine light which had so recently shone into the believer's mind, was the obligation to fulfil *more than one* duty made apparent.

"The pastor returned to his study with a grateful heart, happy that he was soon to include in his spiritual fold, souls that he hoped might prove crowns of his rejoicing in the eternal world, and with a heartier love than ever for that 'form of sound words' which is so wonderfully adapted to the wants of our spiritual nature."

The *Messrs. Harper* have this week sent us a rantipole, maudlin, humbugging sort of a book of travels, entitled, "THE GLORY AND THE SHAME OF ENGLAND." The evidently humane feelings of the writer alone can save the book from utter condemnation. The manifest credulity of Mr. Lester makes him a most gullible specimen of human nature, and wherever he goes, he is regularly entertained in a burlesque and almost mock heroic manner. To confirm the above criticism, it is only necessary to dip into half a dozen places, at random, where, and almost every where else, the author claims his title to that refined cognomery, the almost aspiration of Dogberry. Nos. 137 and 138 of the Family Library, contain an historical and geographical account of Denmark, Norway and Sweden. This work is the perfect antipodes of the preceding, being as cool and temperate, as the other is flashy and heated. It includes a very great amount of useful matters, especially for students of geography and the obscurer portions of modern history. Both books should be bought, the first to laugh at and over; and the second for purposes of improvement and instruction.

THE GUARDIAN ; *a Family Magazine, Published at the Columbia Female Institute, Columbia, Tenn.*

We are much pleased with the tone and temper of this publication, and it is ever a welcome visiter to our table. Its mechanical execution is very much improved of late, as is also its matter. The Guardian is well edited ; and its selections are judicious, and of such a character, as we think, ought to secure for it an extensive patronage. It is a monthly publication at $1 50 a year, or four copies for $5, invariably in advance.

LE LIS BLANC, *or Young Ladies' Monthly Journal. Published at the Astoria Female Institute.*

This well conducted and beautifully printed magazine is approaching the expiration of its first volume. We have before spoken in praise of this magazine. Like the Guardian, its original and selected articles are such as will commend themselves to young readers who desire to cultivate a taste for good writing and correct sentiments. We hope the "Lily" will receive the patronage it deserves. Its terms are similar to those of the "Guardian."

Miscellaneous.

For the Church Record.

MR. EDITOR : I had always supposed, till very lately, that such miserable ingenuity as is exhibited in No. 90, in order to make the Thirty-nine Articles bear a popish signification, was an entire novelty in the art of interpreting. I find I am mistaken : for such a school as Pascal describes in his Provincial Letters, has furnished the actual prototype of this famous number of the Oxford collection. Dr. Waterland, in his Treatise on the Trinity, (p. 211, Camb. Ed. 1800,) says that Franciscus a Sancta Clara, a known papist, (who published his book A.D. 1634,) *contrived* to make our Thirty-nine Articles speak his own sentiments; reconciling them with great dexterity and most amazing subtlety to the Council of Trent.

Can this book of Clara's be any where found ? It would be a matter of vast curiosity to know whether Mr. Newman had made use of it, or how far he might even have copied it. A comparison of his tract with Clara's book might, at any rate, show the curious in what sort of religion those who would make our Articles either Popish or Protestant, to suit different readers, are likely to agree. There is but one banner under which such persons can consistently range themselves—that of Ignatius Loyola.

P. E. C.

DR. PUSEY IN DUBLIN.

Dr. Miley, of St. Audoen's, has published an answer to the letter of Dr. Pusey inserted in a previous number of our paper. The following is the most material passage :

"It was in praise, and not in disparagement, that I at all mentioned Dr. Pusey's name ; for the subject of my discourse to the good people of St. Audoen's, having led me to comment upon the invasion of the sacred mysteries, as celebrated in their parish during the Christmas of 1629, I was prompted, naturally enough, to congratulate them upon the singular change which, since that time, had come over the spirit of the Established Church —alluding, in evidence of that change, to the celebrated Oxford movement. That I did contrast Dr. Pusey's deportment towards the eucharistic sacrifice with Archbishop Bulkeley's deportment towards it, I confess ; but I intended the comparison to redound to Dr. Pusey's honor, saying that the mysteries which the Archbishop had outraged in 1629, the most erudite divine of Oxford had adored in 1841 ; and since, Reverend Sir, you now disclaim having worshipped the holy sacrament with adoration, it becomes my duty, not only to give you credit for veracity, but to justify myself for having asserted what you so positively contradict.

"I knew at the time I made that statement, then, that Dr. Pusey, of his own accord, without invitation from anybody, had visited a collegiate and a convent chapel, at a time when there was no worship of any kind—when there was no individual present but one, and that, in both chapels, Dr. Pusey acted like a devout Catholic, by going down upon his knees and remaining in that posture before the blessed Eucharist. I knew that he had spoken in terms of admiration to more than one, of the benediction of the most holy sacrament, and had assisted at it upon his knees, with most edifying manifestations of recollection and piety ; and what left no reason to doubt that the mental intention was conformable to the exterior demeanor was this, that Dr. Pusey expressed his regret that he had been on his knees when the name of St. Joseph was invoked in the litanies, lest it should seem that he communicated in *that* part of the worship. You now deny, Rev. Sir, that you intended to adore, and I most cordially believe you ; but the forementioned vouchers will, I trust, be deemed sufficient warrant for my statement, that sentiments concerning the holy sacrifice of the mass were now entertained by the most learned divines of Oxford, very different from those displayed by the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin in 1629 ; and any regret which I may feel that the remarks which I made should have found their way into the public prints, will be greatly alleviated should it be a result of the discussion to which they have given rise, that the language of civility and Christian mildness shall be adopted in future by those who may feel inclined to criticise our doctrines, or to enter their protests against the 'corruptions of Romanism in Ireland ?' My feeling on this point coincides so perfectly with the views enforced by the Rev. William George Ward, M. A., Fellow of Baliol College, Oxford, that I am tempted to insert his words. 'Many persons are very painfully affected,' he says, 'when things are said in favor of the Roman Catholic Churches, without protests being also expressed against their corruptions. Now, on the other hand, several persons who fully believe in the existence of those corruptions, dislike the habit of always mentioning them, and this for three reasons. First, it seems ungracious in a Church so faulty as our own to be continually throwing stones at our neighbors, and seems almost to imply (though Mr. Newman nowhere does imply it) that we consider our own Church purer. Second, It tends to make persons forget the true character and claims of the Roman Church as being a true Church, 'built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets,' as having held up for imitation, certainly more than any other Church of modern times, patterns of Evangelical sanctity, and having been, in the worst of times, on most points, a firm and consistent witness in act and word of orthodox doctrine, whom in that respect it rather becomes us to imitate than criticise. Third, It tends to make persons forget what it is important they should remember—our own practical corruptions.'"—*A Few Words more in Support of No.* 90, etc., etc., p. 79.

DEATH OF BISHOP MOORE.

We see announced in the Richmond papers, the death of that venerable and beloved perlate, the RIGHT REVEREND RICHARD CHANNING MOORE, D. D. "A GREAT AND A GOOD MAN HAS FALLEN IN ISRAEL." Though from his advanced age, and physical infirmities, we cannot say we are taken by surprise by this announcement ; yet, considering that he was but a few weeks since among us, as active and as vigorous as we have known him for several years, it seems sudden and unexpected.

Many, many hearts will grieve at the loss of this "good old Bishop." And especially will those who have long known him, and loved and reverenced him as their "Father in God," feel bereavement, and mourn as one mourneth for the a father.

We have not yet learned the particulars of this death—when we shall have learned them, we will lay them before our readers, with a more extended notice of this beloved and lamented Bishop.

☞ Subscribers who wish to preserve the *Church Record*, can have them bound in any style, by leaving them at the Bindery of Mr. C. A. Focke, 216 William-street, New York. See Advertisement.

DIED,

On the 10th ult., the Rev. JOHN P. FENNER, Rector of the Mariner's Church, Boston.

On the 11th ult, the Rev. JOHN DELAPLANE, Rector of St. Mark's Church, Eredrick County, Maryland.

On the 11th ult., the Rev. ULYSSES M. WHEELER, late Rector of Trinity Church, Society Hill, S. C.

On the 16th ult., MRS. CAROLINE, wife of the Rev. Chas. E. Pleasants, Rector of Shrewesbury parish, Kent County, Maryland.

On the 25th ult., the Rev. JASPER ADAMS, D. D., of Pendleton, S. C., late President of Charleston College.

On the 29th ult., in the 80th year of his age, at Geneva, N. Y., MR. JOHN CLARK, father of the Rev. John A. Clark, D. D.

GENERAL THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

☞ The Board of Trustees of the General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, will meet in St. John's Chapel, in the city of New York, on the 30th of November next, at 6 o clock, P. M. pursuant to the following resolution adopted at a meeting of the Board, held on the 14th inst.

"Resolved, That this Board will hold a Special meeting on Tuesday, the 30th day of November next, at 6 o clock, P. M., at this place, for the purpose of acting upon the Nomination made at this meeting of the Rev. Benjamin I. Haight, a Presbyter of the Diocese of New York, to the professorship of Pastoral Theology and Pulpit Eloquence." EDWARD Y. HIGBEE.

New York, Oct. 23, 1841.

BOOK-BINDING.

CHARLES A. FOCKE, BOOK-BINDER, No, 216 William street, respectfully informs his friends and the public that he still coutinues his business, and executes in every style and on liberal terms every description of binding.

Subscribers to the Church Record, who wish to preserve their volumes are informed that the subscriber is prepared to bind them in a neat and durable manner, and with despatch. Orders are respectfully solicited.

Particular attention paid to the re-binding of books for public and private libraries.

CHARLES A FOCKE.

New York Nov. 20.

HENRY ERBEN respectfully informs his friends and customers, that since the destruction of his manufactory by fire, on the night of the 7th October, he has made arrangements for the temporary accommodation of his workmen until he can rebuild, which it is his intention to do immediately ; in the mean time, every person heretofore employed in his establishment will continue in the same, and all orders will be executed with the usual promptness. Having fortunately saved a large quantity of thoroughly seasoned lumber from the fire, he will be enabled to warrant the materials of his Organs to be of the best quality.

H. E. begs leave to refer to the published list of Organs built by him, and to return his grateful thanks for the very liberal patronage he has received, respectfully soliciting a continuance of the same. Communications addressed to No. 176 Centre-street, (office of the New-York Gas Light Co.,) will be attended to immediately.

New-York Oct. 15, 1841.

FAMILY PRAYERS.—Just published and for sale by SWORDS, STANFORD & Co., 152 Broadway, a new and enlarged edition of the Rev. Dr Berrian's *Manual of Family and Private Prayers*. Price 50 cents.

ALSO—Thornton's *Family Prayers*, 6th edition. Price 75 cents.